

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]
CATCHING A BUTTERFLY.

Floy, frozen with horror, knelt silently a moment, gazing at the pale face and rigid form beneath. Her head swam, her heart grew sick. Was he dead? How stiff and still he lay! She burst into loud cries of entreaty and self-reproach.

"O, John—John! are you dead? Look up, for God's sake! O, wicked girl that I was, not to speak. Help—help!" she shrieked, wildly.

Slowly the heavy eyes unclosed. With infinite pain, John turned his head a little. "Who's that?" he said, faintly.

"O, thank God! cried Floy, joyfully, springing to her feet. "Keep quite still, and I will come down to you."

John muttered something she did not understand. Going a little distance, she began to descend the steep path leading down the bank. It was ticklish work, even for our light-footed Floy, and, half way down, she slipped, fell, and rolled ignominiously the rest of the way. John uttered a brief ejaculation, but Floy was up in an instant, scratched and bruised, her white dress black with mud, but otherwise uninjured. Scarcely pausing for breath, she bounded to John's side.

"O, Mr. Durham, are you much hurt?" she asked, in tremulous tones, as she knelt beside him. John opened his eyes again, and fixed them on her with a bewildered stare, a moment. Then, with another low groan, he tried to raise himself.

"Don't move—don't move!" entreated Floy. "O, your poor head—how it bleeds! There's a brook near by. I'll be back in a moment."

Taking up his cap, she bounded off in the direction of the stream. Dipping her handkerchief in the water, and filling the cap, she darted back to John's side.

"Now, let me see this poor head," she said; and, sitting down, she took it gently on her knee. Poor child! she was little used to wounds and bruises; the very sight of the flowing blood made her tremble from head to foot. But she controlled herself bravely, and with what simple skill she possessed, bathed his head and face, and bound up the former carefully with her two handkerchiefs. Then she paused a moment, looking down with womanly tenderness at the pale face on her knee. How helpless he lay—the great, strong fellow—as helpless as a little infant, almost! She felt a great rush of pity and tenderness toward him.

"Thank you," said John, faintly. The fresh, cool water had somewhat revived him.

"O, don't thank me," said Floy, hurriedly. "You are in dreadful pain, aren't you?"

"Yes; it's my ankle," muttered John.

"I'm afraid it's broken. Where are all the rest, Miss Floy?"

"The dear knows!" said Floy, clasping her little hands in distress. "Hurry, Kate—help, O help!"

"It's no use," she said, after waiting a moment. "I must go in search of them again. But first let me look at this poor ankle, Mr. Durham."

"No—no," said John, a little fretfully. "What can you know about broken bones, child?"

"But I might make it feel a little easier," gently persisted Floy.

"If you could slit the boot down from the top," said John, his brow contracted with agony. "Here's my knife."

Floy took the knife, and, following his directions, carefully slit the boot from the top to the bottom, on both sides. Then, with a hand still slightly tremulous from the operation, she gently removed the remains of the boot.

"Ah, that's a relief!" said poor John, Gert drops of agony were standing on his brow, and Floy softly wiped them away. He looked up gratefully into her face, smiling for the first time. "What a nice little nurse you are, Miss Floy!" he said.

Floy rose, blushing a little, and folding her soft, white shawl into a sort of a pillow, placed it under his head. "And now I will go for more efficient help," she said, turning away.

"But take that path on the opposite side of the bank," said John, eagerly; "it is safer. And, O Miss Floy, would you first do me one more favor, please?"

"Certainly," said Floy, returning.

"Just see," said John, with a faint groan, "if that butterfly is anywhere about. I'm sure I had my hands on it. I only hope it isn't crushed to pieces."

"The ruling passion!" muttered Floy, as she turned away. "Lying there half dead, with a broken ankle, and he can still think of that miserable insect."

"Here he is," she said aloud, coming round to John's side. "Horrid little thing!" she could not help adding, with a vindictive look at the innocent insect she placed in John's open palm.

John gave her a slightly surprised look, but smiled with pleasure as he surveyed the treasure in his hand. "It is very little injured," he exclaimed, in almost child-like delight. And so, after my long search, I have obtained it, at last."

"And a broken ankle into the bargain," thought Floy, turning away, in mingled vexation and amusement. Now I must go."

"Hilloa!" cried a shrill voice above them. Floy looked up, and saw a man standing on the bank opposite the one from which John had fallen. He was evidently a farmer—a tall, wiry looking specimen—dressed in coarse blue clothes, and an immense straw hat. "What on air's the matter?" he asked.

"O, sir," cried Floy, springing joyfully forward, "do—do bring some help, and take this gentleman away from here!"

The light blue eyes stared blankly down into the ravine a moment. "How in thunder did he get down there?" was his next question, in a tone of the utmost astonishment.

"Fell down, of course," said Floy, impatiently.

"Lost the use of his eyesight, hasn't he?" responded the farmer.

"No!" said Floy, grinding her little teeth with rage and anxiety. "How many more questions are you going to ask, you inhuman man, before coming to his assistance? I tell you, his leg's broken."

"Well, I swan!" said the farmer, turning slowly away. "I'll be back in a moment."

"I've sent little Dan," said he, returning, "to bring some help. He won't be gone long; he's got the wagon, and the doctor lives only a couple of miles from here."

Floy groaned in spirit, but resolving to be patient for John's sake, mildly entreated the farmer to seek out "their friends."

"Friends? Yes, marm: so soon as I examine this here leg. It's broke just above the ankle, marm."

"Knew that before you told us," snapped Floy.

"You seem kind o' riled, marm. Yes, as I was saying, it's broke just above the ankle—marm?"

"Well, I must try and make him a little more comfortable! This hot sun shines right in his face," said Floy, with a compassionate look at the poor tortured fellow. Pressing Farmer Stokes into the service, she made him strip several armful of green branches from the adjoining trees. Sticking her parasol in the ground, she disposed the branches over and around it, in such a manner that it formed a shady bower above her patient's head.

"Ah, how refreshing that is!" gasped poor John. "And now, do go under the shade of the trees, Miss Floy: your poor little face will be burned to a coal."

"O, no! I have on my broad brimmed hat," said Floy. Seating herself near the entrance of the green tent, she waved a long bough to keep away the flies. John watched her, a dreamy tenderness in his half closed eyes. What a darling she was, after all, with her round, child's face, and sweet, womanly ways!

"You are too kind to the cross old bear, Miss Floy," he said, suddenly; "too good to him, altogether."

"O, don't speak so," said Floy, coloring violently. "I wanted to ask your forgiveness for all my impertinence the last two weeks."

John's answer was prevented by the return of Farmer Stokes, who, after a very short and ineffectual attempt to find "their friends," again obtruded upon them his somewhat unwelcome presence.

"Can't find 'em nowher," he said. "Keep that ankle well kivered up, miss: and her's drop o' somethin' 'll put a little life into him maybe."

John drank from the farmer's flask, and seemed somewhat revived by the draught. Floy resumed her ministrations. The farmer, laying back upon the grass, watched them with speculative eyes. "Darn it all," he burst out, "how did you get down here, mister? I'm hanged if I can make it out at all."

"Well, if you must know," said Floy, petulantly, "he was looking for something."

"Pocket-book, eh?"

"No."

"Gold-headed cane?"

"No, no; specimen," said Floy, impatiently producing it. "This gentleman is a naturalist, and, in trying to secure this, he lost his footing and fell."

She held the "specimen" out in her little, soft palm. The farmer surveyed it in blank amazement.

"That?" he asked, incredulously. Floy nodded. Mr. Stokes sat silent a moment, while a broad grin slowly overspread his leathery countenance. "A marm!" he exclaimed, at last, with a long, low whistle.

"It's a butterfly," said Floy, indignantly.

"So I perceive, marm," said the farmer.

"Wal, I swan."

After this brief ejaculation, he bent forward, and, pointing to John, whose eyelids had again closed, he said, in a low whisper, "How long since he lost the use of his wits, marm?"

"He hasn't lost them at all," said Floy, staring. "You do ask me the queerest questions."

"Why you just said he was a nat'ral, didn't you?"

"No; I said a naturalist," said Floy, choking down a little laugh, as she answered him.

"Wal," responded the farmer, after a pause, "I don't 'zactly take your meaning. But chasin' butterflies does seem rather a loony occupation for a man of his age, don't it?"

"You don't understand," said Floy, indignantly. "It's a curious specimen."

"No, miss, I don't understand," said the farmer. "It's a very keurious business, altogether."

The dry tone in which he said this, and the manner in which he eyed them both as he rose to his feet, nearly upset Floy's gravity again. And glancing at John, she saw the corners of his pale mouth twitching suspiciously, too.

"Wal, I reckon I'll try and find your friends agin." His tone said plainly, "I think you need friends to look after you."

"O, there they are now!" cried Floy, springing to her feet. Harvey—dear Harvey—how glad I am to see you!" Her voice, broken in sobs. She was fairly overcome with her long excitement and the sudden relief of my presence.

"Katy, dear, don't you think John and Poy are growing quite good friends, now?"

"Well, I shouldn't wonder, love," said Kate with a peculiar smile, as, leaning upon my shoulder, she surveyed the pretty scene below.

There in our rustic arbor sat John Durham, a slight pallor and a cumbersome crutch the only tokens of his late illness. By his sat our pretty Floy, examining with him the huge portfolio spread upon his knees, and listening with child-like interest to his entertaining descriptions of the "specimens" he unfolded to her view.

"A pretty Tadpole, John," said Kate; "but there comes an interruption, in the shape of Mr. Stokes. Come, Harvey; we'll go down."

"Good morning, Mr. Stokes," said I, meeting him on the entrance of the arbor; "you find our patient pretty well recovered, sir?"

"O, yes; I shall soon be in condition to hunt the 'pesky millers' again," John replied, with a humorous glance at Farmer Stokes.

"Humph!" said that worthy, contemptuously, "it does seem a pity a strong able-bodied young man like you can't find a better business than that."

"That's a fact, Farmer Stokes," said I, gravely.

"He won't get no sensible gal to tackle herself to him, in a hurry—eh, Miss Floy?" the old man went on.

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," said Floy, assuming an air of supreme indifference.

"Ef ever he axes you, Miss Floy, you bid him fast quit this varmint business. You can't make grasshoppers an' sich serve for wittles, as they did in John the Baptist's time."

"A delicate way of putting the matter, farmer," said I, as Floy, her cheeks like bramble roses, vanished with Kate; but I must inform you that this 'varmint business, as you call it, is really quite a profitable thing for our young friend here."

"But does it really pay?" asked the farmer, staring. John, shaking with laughter, following Floy into the house, while I strove, by my explanations, to enlighten a little the farmer's bewildered mind. But I found it a difficult job as well as a thankless task.

"No—no, sir," he interrupted me, testily; "I don't see it at all. Beg pardon, if I'm impertinent, sir; but it strikes me as a sort of imposture, gittin' a lot of fools to pay a big sum for what they know already. Why, I'll bet I know more bugs'n he does. Ef he'd find out somethin' to 'tarnate 'em, 'somethin' like Lyon's powder, for instance—"

"I'll try and impress it upon his mind, farmer," said I, solemnly.

"Do, sir—do," replied the old man earnestly. "It really concerns me to see a smart young man like that throwin' away all his chances of usefulness."

Our story grows too long. Three years have passed since that eventful summer, during which time great changes have taken place. Near the dear old mansion which Kate and I inhabit still, has risen a rustic cottage, overgrown with vines. There lives John Durham and his pretty wife, who, with her little daughter, Florence, makes sunshine in his heart and home. You see, dear reader, in spite of Farmer Stokes' prediction, John Durham did succeed in capturing our Floy, the prettiest little butterfly that ever fluttered across a mortal's path.

—Overland Monthly for April.

Newark Advertisements.

Macknet, Wilson & Co.,
DEALERS IN
HARDWARE, IRON AND STEEL.
Builders' Hardware of every description.
Stable Furniture,
Horse Blankets &c.
Garden Tools,
Lawn Mowers,
Fountains,
Iron Vases for Lawns,
Refrigerators,
Wine and Water Coolers,
Ice Cream Freezers,
Washing Machines,
Clothes Wringers,
Bar, Band and Hoop Iron,
Horse-shoes,
Horse-nails,
Blacksmith's Tools,
Agents for Fairbank's Scales, and the
Champion Fire Extinguisher.
MACKNET, WILSON & CO.,
796 BROAD ST., NEAR MARKET ST.
NEWARK, N. J.
Established 1859.

FIRST PREMIUM
Silver Ware!
AT THE ELEGANT STORE OF
BENJAMIN MAYO,
887 BROAD STREET, Near City Hall Newark, N. J.
P. S.—No connection with any other place.

A Full Line of Cutlery.
STERLING DRAFTS!
MARTIN R. DENNIS & CO.,
BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,
739 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.
Sell Drafts on
ENGLAND,
IRELAND, and
SCOTLAND,
FOR ANY AMOUNT, AT THE LOWEST PRICES. ALSO
PASSAGE TICKETS,
ON CANAL, NATIONAL ANCHOR, WHITE STAR
AND GUIN & CO'S STEAMERS,
TO AND FROM
LIVERPOOL AND QUEENSTOWN.
M. R. DENNIS & CO.,
739 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

Montclair Advertisements.
BUSINESS ESTABLISHED 1933.
WM. S. MORRIS & SON,
Manufacturers and Dealers,
MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
BUILDERS' HARDWARE, TIN AND WOODEN WARE,
STOVES, HEATERS AND RANGES,
Roofing, Plumbing, Tin and Sheet Iron Works.
A long experience in our business enables us to offer
peculiar advantages to our customers, both as to thorough-
ness of work and quality of stock. These we guaran-
tee, and depend upon more for our patronage than we do
upon the cheapness of our work.

OWEN & HURLBUT,
SURVEYORS,
Jacobus Building, Opposite Pres. Church,
MONTCLAIR, N. J.

EDWARD MADISON,
Fine and Business Stationer,
MADE
FINE STATIONERY A SPECIALTY!
He is prepared to supply English, French and Domestic
Stationery at city rates.
JACOBUS BUILDING, Fullerton avenue,
MONTCLAIR, N. J.

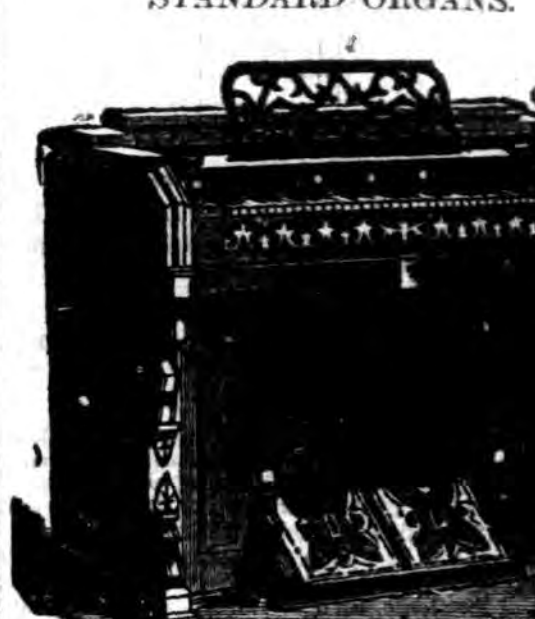
C. H. WYMAN,
Dealer in
DRY GOODS, HOSIERY,
NOTIONS AND SMALL WARES,
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, etc.
BLOOMFIELD AVENUE,
MONTCLAIR, N. J.
Jan. 28

D. GEORGE INNESS,
DENTIST,
(From No. 95 Fifth Avenue, New York City.)
JACOBUS BUILDING,
MONTCLAIR, N. J.
Work executed at lowest rates. Office hours
from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

H. E. TAYLOR,
DEALER IN
Builders and House-Furnishing Hardware.
No. 1 JACOBUS BLOCK,
Cor. Fullerton Avenue and Church Street,
MONTCLAIR, N. J.

JOSEPH S. BALDWIN,
Broad Street, near the Inclined Plane, Bloomfield,
FURNITURE MOVED WITH CARE.
Also, General Teaming and Farm Work.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

PELOUBET, PELTON & CO.,
Manufacturers of
STANDARD ORGANS.

Warehouses,
840 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Manufacturers—Bloomfield, New Jersey.
These Organs contain every valuable improvement
known, and have been awarded the highest premiums
at the Fair of the American Institute, New York, and at numerous
other State and County Fairs. For further particulars,
call at the manufacturers, or address
PELOUBET, PELTON & CO.,
841 Broadway, New York.

N. H. DODD,
CARRIAGES AND WAGONS
Built to Order.
ALSO
CARRIAGE PAINTING,
Trimming and General Blacksmithing.
Repairing of all kinds attended to with neatness
and dispatch. BLOOMFIELD AVENUE,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

PEOPLES' MARKET.
W. B. CORBY,
BUTCHER.
MEAT AND VEGETABLE MARKET,
BLOOMFIELD CENTRE,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Meat of all kinds, and Vegetables in season, con-
stantly on hand.
Orders promptly attended to, and delivered free
of charge.

CONRAD REISS,
MANUFACTURER OF
SADDLES AND HARNESS.
ALSO DEALER IN
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS, SATCHELS, ETC.
Bloomfield Avenue,
Opposite Archdeacon's Hotel,
Bloomfield, N. J.
Orders punctually attended to, at the shortest notice

C. L. WARD & SON,
PRACTICAL
Wheelwrights, Blacksmiths and Horse Shoers.
Carriage built, painted and trimmed to order in the
most approved styles.
Jobbing promptly attended to.
Horses shod on
Braly's Improved System,
which embodies new and correct principles.
Dressed feet of horses especially.
BLOOMFIELD AVENUE,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

RIDGEWOOD WORKS,
(Near Ridgewood Station, Morris and Essex R. R.)
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Contracts Speculatively, and prepared to furnish light
work of any description, and of any quantity, to order
PATTERN AND MODEL MAKING.
FOR SALE, the Portable Electro Magnetic
Machine from the celebrated Galvano Faradic Manu-
facturing Co., at manufacturers' prices. Sewing and all
kinds of machinery repaired.
G. P. LADD.

THOMAS T. CIBNUS,
BAKERY, CONFECTIONERY,
AND
ICE CREAM SALOON,
BLOOMFIELD CENTRE,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

DANIEL HEVITT
FRUIT, CONFECTIONER, TOYS, YANKEE NOTIONS,
PERFUMERY, TOBACCO, EGARS,
808 WATER AND BOOT BREE.
Next door to the Post Office, Bloomfield.

P. HENN,
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
WASHINGTON AVENUE,
[Between Archdeacon Hotel and Baptist Church.]
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Custom Work carefully attended to.

PAPER HANGING, etc.
Orders executed promptly and in the best possible
manner. A large assortment of
WALL PAPERS
of various grades constantly on hand.
Headquarters for the best of America's Chemical Paints.
Any desired shade mixed order ready for use.
Painted and printed Water Shades in variety, with
furniture.
Happy to receive called show goods. No charge for
viewing. No fancy price.
Opposite Post Office. Bloomfield, N. J.
N. B.—Exterminating all "Pest" a specialty.

CRANE & SLATKIN,
MORRIS MILLS,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
FLOUR, FEED, MEAL, GRAIN, &c.

Eco. D. Rowell & Co's.
12,000,000 Acres!
CHEAP FARMS!
The cheapest land in market is for sale by the
Union Pacific Railroad Company.
In the Great Platte Valley.
3,000,000 Acres in Central Nebraska
Now for sale in tracts of forty acres and upwards on
five and ten years credit at 6 per cent. No advance in-
terest required.
Mild and Healthful Climate. Fertile Soil, an abundance
of good Water.
THE BEST MARKET in the West! The great mining
regions of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Nevada being
supplied by the farmers in the PLATTE VALLEY.
SOLDIERS ENTITLED TO A HOMESTEAD OF
160 ACRES
THE BEST LOCATIONS FOR COLONIES.
FREE HOMES FOR ALL! Millions of acres of choice
Government Lands now ready under the Homestead
Law, and the GREAT RAILROAD, with good markets and
all the conveniences of an old settled country.
Free homesteads to homesteaders of Railroad Land.
Sectional Maps, showing the Land, also new edition of
the NATIONAL PLATTE VALLEY, with new maps mailed free ev-
erywhere.
Address O. E. DAVIS,
LAND COMMISSIONER U. P. R. R.
OMAHA, NEB.

\$500,000 CASH
GIFTS TO BE PAID IN FULL
The Third Grand Gift Concert
IN AID OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY.
Will be given in the great hall of Library Building at
Louisville, on Tuesday, July 8, 1913, at which time
TEN THOUSAND GIFTS, amounting to a grand total of
\$500,000, all cash, will be distributed by lot to ticket
holders. No reduction in amount of gifts at this dis-
tribution, but each gift in FULL.
Office of Friends and Investors Bank,
LOUISVILLE, KY., April 1, 1913.
This is to certify that there is in the Treasury and
Drawer's Bank, to the credit of the Third Grand Gift
Concert for the benefit of the Public Library of Ky., Five
Hundred Thousand Dollars, which has been set apart by
the Managers to pay the gifts in full, and will be held by
the Bank and paid out for this purpose, and this pur-
pose only.
[Signed] R. S. VEECH, Cashier.

LIST OF GIFTS:
One Grand Cash Gift, \$100,000
One Grand Cash Gift, 50,000
One Grand Cash Gift, 25,000
One Grand Cash Gift, 10,000
One Grand Cash Gift, 5,000
25 Cash Gifts of \$1,000 each, 25,000
50 Cash Gifts of 500 each, 25,000
100 Cash Gifts of 200 each, 20,000
150 Cash Gifts of 100 each, 15,000
200 Cash Gifts of 50 each, 10,000
9,000 Cash Gifts of 10 each, 90,000
Total 10,000 Gifts, all cash, \$500,000.
Only a few tickets remain unsold, and they will be
distributed to the first applicants at the following prices:
Whole tickets, \$10; 1/2 tickets, \$5; 1/4 tickets, \$2.50; 1/8
tickets, \$1.25; 1/16 tickets, .625; 1/32 tickets, .3125.
For tickets and full information apply to
THOS. H. HANDELSTE,
Louisville, Ky.
or THOS. H. HANDELSTE,
609 Broadway, New York.

PATENTS OBTAINED.
No fees unless successful. Free in advance. No
charge for preliminary search. Send for circulars
CONNOLLY BROTHERS, 108 S. Fourth St., Philadelphia,
Pa., and 608 North St., Washington, D. C.

\$5 TO \$80 per day! Agents wanted! All classes
of working people, of either sex, young or old,
make more money at work for us in their spare moments,
or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free.
Address: G. STEINMAN & CO., Portland, Maine.

GETTYSBURG
Katalysine Water
Is the nearest approach to a specific ever discovered for
Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Di-
abetes, Kidney and other diseases generally. It re-
stores muscular power to the paralyzed. It cures Liver
Complaint, Chronic Diarrhea, Piles, Constipation, Ath-
ma, Catarrh and Bronchitis, Diseases of the Skin, General
Debility and Nervous Prostration from Mental and
Physical Exhaustion. It is the greatest Aid ever dis-
covered for Excessive Eating or Drinking. It cures the
stomach, promotes Digestion, and Relieves the
Head almost immediately. No household should be
without it. For sale by all Druggists.
A. G. For a history of the Springs, for medical reports
of the power of the water on diseases, for marvelous
cures, and for testimonials from distinguished men,
send for pamphlets, KATALYSINE BATHS, General Agents,
272 South Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
150 GETTYSBURG SPRING.

About 150 Acres of land, including 30 Acres of the best
CRANBERRY MARSH
in the country, and situated on one of the finest Lakes in
Michigan, for sale cheap. Plenty of water, sand and
water, good drainage, healthy, water pure and
soft. Address DANIEL E. FRIED, Tawas City, Tawas
County, Michigan.

DIRECTIONS.
Dissolve two teaspoonfuls of
CREAM TABLE CHOCOLATE
in a small quantity of hot water; add boiling water
to suit the taste, and you have an excellent Choco-
late. No cooking required! No waste! In pound jars.
—Twelve in a box—\$1.00 per dozen.
WALLACE & CO., Manufacturers,
29 Cortland St., NEW YORK.

"DOMESTIC"
PATTERNS.
AGENTS WANTED. Send for Catalogue.
DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO., New York.

"YOU ASK I'LL TELL."
THE NEW DEPARTMENT BOOKS.
AGENTS WANTED. Exclusive territory given. The
book will sell itself. Father, Mother, Sister, Brother,
Minister, Merchant, Manufacturer, Farmer, Miner, Mar-
iner and Forester all want it. Texts in money to it.
Send for Circular. CHRISTIAN & WESTER, 30
North 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TELEGRAPHY.
A necessary part of every person's education in this
advanced age is the art of Telegraphy. Apply to the
undisputed for English, French and German. The best
work published on this subject. Price, 75 cents. Also for
every description of Telegraphic Instructions, and In-
struction. Write Circulars for Telegraphing. L. G.
TILLOTSON & CO., 8 Day St., New York.

MONEY MADE Rapidly with Stencil & Key Check
Outfits. Catalogues and full particulars
FREE. S. E. SPENCER, 117 Madison St., Boston.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
BONELESS
SARDINES.
They have received Diplomas for their sardines wherever
exhibited. Recommended by all the cheapest buyers of
the age, valuable, and almost necessary to the table, to
travelers or at picnics. Packed in the best quality of
our own importation, in its boxes sealed same as the
imported; and are sold at less than half the cost of
French Sardines. Their delicious flavor, and nutritious
qualities recommended them to all classes. Sold by all
first class grocers.
THE AMERICAN SARDINE CO.,
31 Broad Street, N. Y.

CRYSTAL LAKE ICE!
The days have come when Winter's sway
Has merged in genial Spring;
And many a lake and frozen stream
Do ply and gleam lying.
The Summer heat and days will come
And our hearts will joyous sing.
For our only danger now is night
Will be ice from the Crystal Spring.
W. B. CORBY, PROPRIETOR,
will supply his Crystal Lake Ice to families and others
during the season, with promptness and dispatch, on
the most favorable terms.
Orders left at his Store, corner of Washington and
Railroad Aves., Bloomfield, N. J., will receive prompt at-
tention.
No need of Mill-Ponds contract our power.
But including Spring only this ice of our
Purity as a Star, as Gold without alloy.
Our CRYSTAL ICE will prove a household joy.

